

## "Queen of One Heart."

BY W. C. CROFT.

And he was. So tall and straight and strong, so young and hearty, so full of vigorous and graceful action, so manly in his treatment of men, so gentle and courteous with women, always so quick-witted and sunny-hearted, and so free from snobishness, the waiter at his restaurant table, the barber who shaved him, the bootblack who retorted to his sallies, his landlady and my lady in her chamber of state, business men with whom his shrewd, sharp notions, manly bearing and "snap," won instant favor. Old and young, rich and poor, all joined in the unanimous verdict that he was a "splendid young fellow," the "life" and "if only" which frequently followed being swallowed up in the admiration akin to love with which he was regarded by all with whom he had to do.

Once in a while a placid, far-seeing woman—a thoroughly good wife and mother—added: "And a dangerous fellow;" but she was an old "sober-sides" any way, and, indeed, the scrupulous respect which she unflinchingly received him allayed, if it did not quite dispel, the instinct within herself. And so, by right of blood and brains and youth, he reigned, as he deserved, a king among men—a splendid young fellow.

"So, then, Gratia, you positively refuse! Will your answer be this always? Is there no hope that it may be different when I return from this trip?"

A quick catching of the breath, a convulsive tightening of the arms about his neck, and he had to bend low to catch the whispered word "none!" which fell from among the sobs that shook the tiny form within his arms.

"You have not the right love in your heart for me, then, or you would not answer thus," were the cruel words he forced himself to utter, while he gently, but very firmly, unlocked the clasped fingers and disengaged himself from their hold, closely watching all the while the white face almost wholly hidden upon his breast; then slowly rising and putting her quite from him, he began to make preparations for his departure, when with a sharp cry, the girl flung herself at his feet, in a perfect passion of agonized entreaty that he should believe her great love for him, imploring him to love her still, even if they should never meet again, to let her memory at least remain with him wherever he might go.

Deepest pity stirred the soul of the man as he looked down upon her and noted the havoc which a six months' separation, with the last three days of fearful struggle, had made with the bright, laughing beauty who had won his heart, and sincerely he wished they had never met. But the pride of worldly distinction, the influence of an ambitious mother, the promptings of a selfishness not his own, led him on to the final conflict.

"We may as well end this here and now, Gratia," he said, very gently. "Indeed, it is quite necessary that we should, for—very slowly, dreading the effect of his words—"for—I am going—to be married. My mother has prevailed upon me to quit the road, and has secured for me an interest in a large manufacturing business, which my uncle controls, in the Northwest. She has already moved there, and there I am expected to join them in a few days. Through them I met the lady who is to be my wife. An heiress, rich, good-looking, gentle, who will no doubt make an excellent helpmeet for 'yours truly.' You will bid me happiness, Gratia, won't you? Surely we may part as friends."

He need not have feared an outbreak. Neither sound nor motion indicated that the form cowering at his feet heard one word of the message—naught save the pitiful shudder which passed through her frame. Death, indeed, but with this difference: the soul too suddenly stricken to escape, died within, and remained—the corpse of a heart—within a living body.

Lifting her in his arms, tenderly as a father might a daughter he saw suffer, he laid her on the poor little hard lounge, and pushing back the masses of beautiful auburn hair—such rare beautiful hair—he kissed her reverently many times, as one might the face of the loved dead, and bidding her good-by, once more he slowly left the room—longingly, as if hopeful of a recall to the last moment. A gentle but sure click of the latch—a light step on the stair—a slam of the outer door—a retreating tread on the pavement below—and Fate had done her worst.

It is a provincial town, but one of those bustling, wide-awake, welcoming sort of places, where, on arriving, one carries, and tarrying, loves to stay. Of large manufacturing interests, it has grown quickly prosperous, and its people, proud and happy thereat, let the overflow of their pride and happiness fall upon the stranger within their gates, who thus happily wooed, quickly becomes, and forever remains, its friend.

In a large handsomely furnished parlor, bright with rich furniture and tasteful hangings, the glow of the firelight coloring the whole as a painting, a tall, strapping fellow with fair, sunny countenance is reclining in careless grace on a low divan on one side of the cheerful fire, a dark, handsome lady, not long past middle age—a proud,

well-bred, well-kept-looking lady—is seated by a small table on the other. So like, yet so unlike, this mother and son!

Some unpleasant subject is evidently under discussion. A shade of disturbance over the features of the mother, the nervous folding and unfolding of the shapely hands in her lap, the tapping of the foot on the soft rug, and the two quick rise and fall of the flowers which the young fellow has just kissed into place on her bosom, show the presence of an emotion not happy.

"You cannot fail to note, mother, that Mabel and I were never cut out for each other. She bores me terribly, and nothing I can say or do seems to give her any pleasure. I honestly believe myself the girl is devoid of the sense of pleasure. I vow I never—"

"Silence, my son! Remember you speak of your promised wife. Your engagement alone should curb even such thoughts as these!"

He has risen, and is standing respectfully by her side.

"You must not be angry with me, mother—indeed, you will not—when I tell you that Mabel and I have already broken our engagement, and she, tonight, is as free as I am from bonds we should never have worn. Hugh Cameron will please her every bit as well as I, and he, I assure you, is quite charmed with her—indeed, for this I introduced them. I have arranged to relieve all of embarrassment," he continued, his voice deepening with the manful earnestness of his resolution, "by accepting a very fine position with a San Francisco house, for whom I shall travel until I show myself worthy of something better. Within ten days I hope to start for there."

Surprise, anger, mortification, grief, quickly chase one another over the pale face of the lady. Whatever feelings she may have of the truth of her son's argument, or admiration for his startling independence of character, is wholly concealed by the haughty dignity of her manner and the icy tone of the reproaches that fall upon his ear, as, for the first time in her life, she withdraws from the touch of her idolized son.

"There is no other course left to me, mother," he said. "I trust you will see later that it is the wisest. It is what you yourself would have me do. Mother, you know me and you know her. Can you blame me?"

He gently strokes the shining black braids with the soft, magnetic touch which has conquered every woman who ever felt it save one—and drawing her face toward him raises it and kisses her on the lips. "Dear mother, let your blessing go with me as I leave you."

Her heart is melted, and like every other woman—save one—regardless alike of pride, ambition, consequences, present or future, she turns her eyes to his, and with all the mother in the cry, "O, my darling son!" she throws her arms around him and sobs out her grief on his breast.

It is chilly, for San Francisco, and in an elegant room of one of the best hotels a splendid young fellow is smoking in front of a huge fire, one arm through its accustomed path. He is less boyish-looking, a shade heavier, perhaps, but with the same bonnie debonaire grace of person and manner as when, over a year ago, he started out for the San Francisco house.

He has since traveled over most of the Western country, giving the very best of his splendid talents to the success of his business concerns, till the firm, not slow to discover the enterprise and ability of the "young drummer from Illinois," called him off the road into the house, where he speedily rose, till now he is the junior partner of one of the richest mercantile houses in the country.

But, all through his travels and successes, there ever lived with him the memory of a shabby little room with its scanty furnishings, and the sad, stricken figure on the poor little hard lounge, with all her great wealth of beauty and love for him; for with all his varied experience with women of all kinds, classes, and degrees, never does he find such wealth of love, such passionate worship, such unselfish devotion as that which fell at his feet with its piteous appeal of word and look that bitter night over a year ago; and as the memory of it grows and brightens, so enormous does the selfish cruelty of his conduct become in his eyes, that many a time he wishes to be somebody else, that he may soundly homewhip himself for shame of it.

Daily stronger grows the desire to know what has become of her. Dead perhaps, perhaps married—a sharp sting follows the thought—and to-night in the firelight, a resolution shapes itself in his heart and brain—the rich successful man of the world—to go and see.

But his reverie is interrupted by the breaking in upon him of three bright, dashing fellows who have come, as usual, to the fountain head to decide what disposition to make of the evening. The party is undecided whether to remain at home and enjoy a quiet game of "draw," or go to the theater, till a sudden, "Heads we go, tails we stay!" relieves them of responsibility, and a gay "Heads it is!" settles the question, and to the thoughtful smoker is left the casting vote as to where it shall be.

"Queen of One Heart," the title of a new opera just then having a successful run at the California, strikes his fancy, and a half hour later finds the

interesting quartette comfortably ensconced, "within long range" to be sure, but in good view of the stage.

Too well accustomed to his partiality for female beauty on or off the stage, his companions do not notice the sudden change in expression, the marked earnestness of manner, and the prolonged use of the opera glass by their friend, as the "favorite" advances slowly to the footlights.

Favorite, indeed! and small wonder! Such rare, peculiar beauty! A small, graceful form, a mass of wonderful auburn hair, and dark sad eyes—restless, and glowing like coals of fire as they roam fitfully over the house-down stairs, over the galleries, through the boxes, and wearily back to the lights at her feet.

She sees nothing, however, but the glimmer of light, the flesh-tinted sea, and the shadows thrown around like a cloak.

It is the last night of a long and successful engagement, and a feeling akin to love for the great mass of human beings who have petted, praised, and made her their idol, stirs within her at the well-known hum of admiration which welcomes her presence. She owes it to them to show how the "Queen of One Heart" can rule.

And never was part so played before. The fervid glow of genius excited to white heat, melted and bent and shaped the scenes through which she passed, entrancing the ears, startling the hearts, and maddening the senses of the spell-bound throng. More than one close observer noted the unwonted excitement, the unusual blaze of the luminous eyes, the spot of flame on each cheek, and the passionate vibration of the exquisite tones, and one young fellow, in a seat far back, dropped his head and sank back in his seat with a sigh—perhaps of relief. "It is impossible! It cannot be! She had a dear little voice, to be sure, with which she sang her quaint little ballads for him—but this! Oh no, it is quite impossible!"

Once, twice, thrice, she is recalled. For the fourth time the thrilling tones rise above the peals of applause. The beautiful arms are outstretched, the wonderful face illuminated by a strange light, the whole frame in a tremble of passionate excitement; when suddenly, and without a second's warning, a break in the voice—a swaying of the alight figure, a few gasping sounds—a shiver—and a senseless line of glittering costume, a white face distorted by pain, two little hands clutching the left side, meet the gaze of the grief-stricken crowd.

Expressions of pity, shame, and remorse at their thoughtless greediness pass from lip to lip as the people lingeringly disperse, and foremost in the small crowd of the more venturesome who press behind the scenes is a tall, elegant form, with an unaccustomed look of anxiety in the bold, bright eyes, as he passes his few courteous regrets to the manager who received them.

But "Mademoiselle is too ill to see any one. Only a trifling indisposition, to be sure; a slight attack of the heart to which she is subject; still the doctor insists on absolute quiet, or serious results may follow."

"I will see her in the morning," he thinks, as he comes away. "I must know for certain." And Fate meets him at his hotel with a telegram—business of the utmost importance demanding his presence immediately with the Eastern branch of the house—and six hours later, with a small grip in his hand, and a great disturbance in his heart, he is on his way toward the rocky fence between him and—WHAT?

It is Christmas Day in Chicago, and the boulevards of the gay young metropolis resound with the jingle of many bells and the voices and gay laughter of the merry riders.

The reflected light of the snowy world streams into a long, low room—the same little room whose poor shabbiness witnessed the pitiful parting within its four walls just one year and a half ago.

But it is no longer the poor little room, with scanty furnishings, but a dainty boudoir, in which everything that refined taste could devise or wealth furnish is to be found.

Only two familiar objects remain—a large, brown arm-chair and a tiny shell! The big chair stands in a corner, looking sullen and lonesome, and empty. The shell is mounted in a gold frame, and ingeniously covered with glass. Its contents—the ashes of two cigars!

A girl, frail and slender, but very beautiful, is lying on a soft couch of creamy satin. Rich auburn hair falls over the cushion. The eyes are closed, the little hands crossed over a bosom whose quick rise and fall show that the attitude of weariness belongs not to the rest of sleep. The breath comes fitfully through the sweet parted lips, and all the tears have not quite left their beautiful homes.

A large bouquet of flowers is on a table near by, and beside it an open letter, both messages from the manager of the opera of which she is now the acknowledged and idolized star—the dear, kind gentleman, who has been her brother, friend, and counselor ever since the day she first appeared before him a miserable, beautiful girl, and begged him for God's sake to save her from the dark lake by letting her go with his company. He never sought to know her trouble, only to share it, to help her bear it; and now, to save her the excitement of all future public living, he offers to make her his wife.

And she has wept all her faint strength away, for grief that one more must suffer for—strive as she will, it is all in vain—the heart has died within her, and wakes but to one call.

Hark! A vigorous ring of the door-bell. Voices in the hall. A light step on the stair, a low knock. It cannot be! It cannot be!

Straight into his open arms. Two soft arms back to their accustomed place. It cannot be! His eyes, his voice, his touch again! Madly she clings to him, pressing him upon him on lips, and eyes, and hair, calling him by every endearing name in a low, cooling voice, more like a young mother with her babe, till suddenly, memory returns, and, with a cry, she starts back, and seeks in bitter humiliation to tear herself apart. But the strong arms are there, and are not now willing to give up what once they lost so blindly.

"I have come back to ask your pardon, Gratia, for the great wrong I once did you. To ask you to forget the past. To ask you to be my true wedded wife! Do you hear, dear? My own true wife!"

"But the lady—the lady that—"

"God would not let such a cruel happening separate two such loving souls as ours, dear. He saved me for you."

And he tells her, little by little, of his break with Mabel, the parting with his mother, his travels, successes, fine prospects, his sudden recall.

"But you do not answer me, dear. Surely you can forgive—"

He stoops to raise the beautiful head from its hiding place—but no voice, no move, no response. One little hand, pitifully upturned, falls over his arm. The other—the tell-tale clutch of the left side!

And long may he call without an answer, and often may he press the sweet lips for reply. For the poor little heart so long dead, in coming to life at his call escaped, and poor little Gratia had Christmas in heaven!

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds." Call at J. C. Saur's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles \$1.00.

PRISON LABOR.

Proposed Return to the old System.

And Convicts to be Brought in Competition With Honest Work.

Legislative Subserviency to a Pack of Blood-Sucking Contractors.

A Bill in Preparation Which Strikes at the Workingmen.

King Bob Lays off a Congressional District for Himself.

(Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.) COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 29, 1886.

THE OLD CONVICT SLAVE SYSTEM.

No sooner does the Board of Prison Managers change its political complexion and become Republican than they proceed to demonstrate their hostility to labor, and their subserviency to the convict contractors by urging a return to the odious, infamous, brutal and inhuman convict contract slave system.

A bill has been prepared by the Board of Managers and given to a member of the House to introduce, which provides for the restoration of the convict contract system with all of its old evils and demoralizing tendencies. This seems almost incredible, but it is so, and it demonstrates the fact that George Hoody Board of Managers were men in sympathy with the present laws governing the prison, and conspired with contractors to make those laws distasteful and unpopular by extravagance and excessive expenditures.

During the restoration of the convict contract system, a statement is furnished by the prison officials showing that during the months of January, February and March the prison earned a surplus of \$5,000 over and above all expenses, but they have a bill drawn to restore the contract system and present it to a member with the argument that the prison can only be made self-sustaining under the contract slave system.

For two years they have constantly kept an average of one hundred men in the idle house and have made no efforts to find employment for them. It is manifest that most exacting and cruel of task-masters, Patton, the contractor, who has defrauded the State out of thousands of dollars by refusing to pay his honest debts—it is certain, I say, this man and others equally interested are running the Ohio Penitentiary for their own interests, and the taxpayers are footing the bills. Governor Foraker should make an honest, courageous effort to secure a board of Prison Managers who could and would run the penitentiary in harmony with the laws and in the interest of the people of the State.

KING BOB THE FIRST IS FIXED.

This Legislature will not adjourn until the four Hamilton County Senators are fixed, the State redistricted, the saloon tax law passed, and a few other pieces of desired legislation enacted. The Republican National Committee are urging this line of action in order to enable the Republicans to carry the next House. It will be done, and I make the prediction that any plan of redistricting the State that a Republican Legislature can agree upon, and the Democrats will select more Congressmen than they have now. Bob Kennedy has got his district already shaped out as a reward for his services. His district is to consist of Darke, Miami, Shelby, Champaign and Logan, and Bob Kennedy can and will be located in that district. He had better look around for another Republican county, and make it a wee bit stronger. You see there are so many hungry and thirsty souls in the Republican party who must be rewarded, that it will be utterly impossible to fix districts for

more than a dozen of them, so that they will be cock sure. This will disarrange the other districts and unseat the names of a merry lot of sore-heads. Take the Senate, you Republican sons of gall, and try to parcel out the all too meager number among your hungry camp-followers, and see what hell you will raise in your own party and Ohio inside the next year.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years. I had lost my smell entirely for the last fifteen years, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, and my smell is partly restored, and it seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh—MRS. E. E. Grimes, 67 Vally St., Rendell, Perry Co., Ohio.

The dairy interest in the North has become one of the leading and most profitable industries in that section. And notwithstanding the fact that the climate and soil there are less adapted to the production of grasses and clover than in the South, the farmers of the former section not only grow sufficient of these crops for home purposes, but ship immense quantities of butter, cheese, hay, cattle, and hogs to the Southern States. The results of these policies are to be seen in the progress and improvement in agriculture at the North, and in the poverty and delapidation that are apparent in so many farms throughout the South. The secret of the success of the Northern farmer is revealed in a single word—diversification, and by this system, under which he produces every article necessary for home support, he can and does steadily improve his land, and increase his income. Of course, we speak of intelligent, enterprising, thrifty farmers, and from the condition of agriculture in the North, as indicated by the rapid growth and success of dairying and other farm industries, it is safe to assume that a great majority of farmers there are of this class. One of the first things that attract the attention of a Northern farmer who visits the South, is the singular indifference or blindness of our farmers to the adaptability of our soil and climate to the production of the grasses and the profitable breeding of cattle, hogs, etc. On this point there is no comparison between the two sections. And as the South is filled with thrifty, intelligent farmers from the North and from Great Britain, it will become the food producing section of the world, yielding, under an intelligent system of farming, the most diversified crops, combining, indeed, every article of necessity and luxury produced in the temperate zones in great abundance and perfection.

What is of the first importance to the farmers of the South is for them to change their system of farming, by reducing the area of cotton, corn, etc., and cultivating more thoroughly, devoting a larger proportion of land to the grasses, and giving more attention to the improvement of live stock. This improved system has been adopted by thousands of farmers throughout the South, and in every instance where it was intelligently and energetically pursued it proved profitable and satisfactory.—The New South.

Is Your Liver Out of Order?

Then is your whole system deranged—the blood is impure, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, dispirited and nervous, have no appetite, your sleep is troubled and unrefreshing. To prevent a more serious condition, take at once a half tablespoonful of Simmons' Liver Regulator, three times a day—it will soon restore the healthy action of the liver, bowels and kidneys.

A. MERRITT, Beverly, N. J.

Effects of Competition in Rates of Transportation.

The effect of free competition in trade is to bring the greatest competition to bear on those things in which there is the greatest trade. Thus there is the smallest margin of profit over the cost of production on the necessities of life, the next smallest on the common comforts, and the largest on the luxuries. This effect is not caused by any design on the part of traders nor from any beneficent legislation on the part of politicians. It results from the operation of natural laws of trade. The operations of the same laws produce the same effect on the rates of transportation. We find, as a rule, the lowest rates on coal, wood, petroleum, iron, lumber, etc.; the next lowest on flour, grain, provision, etc.; we then have boots and shoes, cotton and woolen goods, clothing, etc.; and then a varying list of more costly or perishable articles and luxuries which are consumed in decreasing quantities. All the natural forces of competition which tend to reduce the rates of transportation co-operate in producing this discrimination in things which are moved in the largest quantities, and which are, of course, consumed in the largest amounts. The aim of the railroad manager is to secure traffic. To do this he must make lower rates on cheap commodities, with those things which comprise the necessities of life. It results in distributing the charges for transportation where they are most easily borne. Not only do the necessities have the lowest rates and the luxuries the highest, but the necessities consumed in the largest quantities have lower rates than those consumed in smaller quantities. We consume more fuel than bread, and more food than clothing, while the rates of transportation follow the opposite order. This discrimination, though in favor of the necessities and common comforts of life, is none the less a discrimination. It actually results in favoring classes. Those who consume but the necessities, the day-laborers, are the most benefited; the artisans who consume, in addition to the necessities, many of the comforts, the next; and so on as higher wages provide more of the comforts, and these merge into the luxuries.—Gerrit L. Lansing, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

I had to comb back the hair from my forehead and omit the parting to conceal my baldness. Since then Parker's Hair Balm has made my hair as thick and glossy as ever. Ladies whose hair is getting thin will find the Balm just as splendid. Mary Swanson, Chicago.

## S. M. HONICK.

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Neapolitan, Ohio, Perry street, Cor. 5th and 6th. Parties wishing to have their suits made or altered will find it well to call on me. By ordering from my very latest and very fine line of goods you will have no difficulty in getting such goods as you may desire. Satisfaction guaranteed. S. M. HONICK.

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